



Wizard's Apprentice



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Chapter 1 by Wikedywik

Everyone loves magic. It's a thrill when used correctly, and life would be a lot harder without it. But it's hard to control, at least in my opinion.

I've been Master Denylton's apprentice since the Commoner Magic Ability Test, or C-mat, was established almost a month ago. I'm one of the thirty or so commoners the High Wizard Council sent to various wizards to quiz their magical capability once a month for however long their studies will take.

Well, tomorrow when they come to test me, they will be very disappointed. I only know four spells, and I'm not very good at them. Master Denylton's to thank for that.

He's old, deaf, cranky, and always busy with something. Be it proving the theory of the week, conducting his own experiments, giving me chores, or occasionally eating... I don't think he goes to the bathroom. Oh, and by giving me chores, I mean he zaps a list of twenty things for me to do. On the blackboard, in the spare study, every day.

I live in the small room in the attic, which is just big enough for a small bed, a candle stand, and a dresser one drawer wide and three tall. Along one wall is the chimney tower, and I've put my bed against it. To the left of the door in the corner is my dresser, with my candle stand on top of it.

Right now, I'm laying in my bed, knowing that soon it will not be mine. I'll be sent back to the orphanage in Skoty, never to practice magic again. Just a daydream of the past. Though I do not like Master Denylton, I do like the magic I've learned. I have a head that doesn't leak, and the full belly I've had.

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Chapter 2 by ForbiddenMoonlight



I used to have such potential, or so I thought. But those four spells mock me. Surely in this forest of books, I could have found something? But no. No, no NO, NO! My fist slams down onto the bed, sending a small puff of dust into the air that I am bound to have to clean up.

My arm flops across my eyes. I am grateful, but to see the potential snatched away from me...

The door creaks open and I look up, then bolt upright as I see the Master Denylton.

He unceremoniously throws a heavy looking leather bound book onto my bed. More dust swishes up from the sheets, but I crawl forward and try to lift it.

Heavy! Way heavier then I would have expected Master Denylton to be able to carry.

"If you earn it's trust, you will be able to use it well."

I stare blankly at him, starting to utter a shocked thank you as he slams the door with a gnarled hand.

But what is this book?

I swipe at the cover with a dirty sleeve. Brown leather sits around gold words, in a looped cursive that hurts my eyes.

'Grimoire'

I slowly open the huge tome, with more dust and the sound of crinkling pages. At the sight of it's contents, my eyes widen and my heart stutters to a stop.

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